

Good ⁴ Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

JITTERBUG FANS AT CHARLIE BROWN'S



EDUCATION made easy

Conducted by ODO DREW

REGARDLESS of expense, "Good Morning" has secured the exclusive services of an expert in all branches of knowledge. That famous publicist, Commander Ramble, Britain's most famous living gazetteer, who's been everywhere and who knows everything, will provide a unique fund of information for submariners—INFORMATION THAT CAN BE FOUND NOWHERE ELSE.

Neither Oxford nor Cambridge, nor both, can offer the facilities now available to all our readers. Only a few minutes' daily study of this concentrated university course in general knowledge will ensure (i)

perpetual professional progress, (ii) remarkably rapid rise in rank, (iii) almost inevitable advance to admiral, (iv) confidence of colleagues, favour of females, financial fortune, post-war prosperity, love, laughter and LIFE. Regular doses do it. Start NOW!

Who first started the habit of wearing the cap at a jaunty angle?—Not the ship's police, as is often thought. It is called the Beatie touch, after Miss Beatrice Lillie, the famous actress.

Was Samuel Pepys ever in the Navy?—No, but he was Secretary of the Navy, where he did a real job of work. He kept a diary, which has been milked by successive generations of historians.

Who wrote "Stormy Weather"?—Purcell, the famous English musician, in celebration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. You remember the medal, with the inscription, "God blew with His wind and they were scattered."

Was Drake really playing bowls when the Armada was sighted?—Definitely. He said, "There's plenty of time to beat the Spaniards and finish this game, too. Besides, I have got to get my Revenge out of Sir Richard Grenville."

Is the "Flying Dutchman" fact or fiction?—Fact. His full name was Anthony Herman Gerard Fokker, Dutch aeronaut and aeroplane constructor. He provided the Germans with much excellent aeroplane material during the first World War.

Did Scott write books other than the Waverley Novels?—Yes. He was one of the most versatile men the world has ever known. He became an admiral and gunnery expert, wrote the Waverley and other novels, took Naval Brigade guns to Ladysmith, reached the South Pole, built the Albert Memorial and Liverpool Cathedral, edited the "Manchester Guardian," and, in his spare time, marketed a very popular emulsion for sea- and other chests.

T(WINK)LING



And she can cook! That is what you were thinking, isn't it? Well, she is Michele de Lys, she is pretty, she is single, and, strange, but true, she can cook. Michele, Paris born, came to England from France during the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk, and is now on tour in cabaret. Soon she will be back in London, possibly at the Wellington Club. Cooking comes second only to dancing, says Michele, and although she cooks delicacies for her personal satisfaction—and consumption—she has frequently cooked suppers for scores of Fighting French troops, at her mother's canteen, which was destroyed during the London blitz.



What is "crossing the T"?—A well-known naval evolution. It was carried out at Jutland. What is not generally known is that there was a second part—"dotting the i's." This was Jellicoe's own invention, but he could not find the opportunity to put it into effect. The secret he told me in absolute confidence; but it would be obviously neither fair of me nor would it be profitable for me to reveal it until I publish my next book.

Was Captain Marryatt, author of "Masterman Ready," a naval officer?—He was, and a good one, too. He retired at the age of 38 to write novels, which made him a lot of money. He also became a farmer, which lost him most of it. People, nowadays, reverse the process. They go to sea to write novels about it; and buy farms to do the same.

Who founded Chelsea Hospital?—Tradition says it was Nell Gwyn—orange-seller in the precincts of Drury Lane Theatre, actress at 15 and belle amie of Charles II. She always had a soft spot for the troops; and was the originator of the phrase: "I live near the river; drop in and see me sometime."

What was the "Cutty Sark"?—A famous clipper-ship, aboard which practically every well-known master-mariner seems to have served at one time or another.

Where does the phrase, "Broad in the beam as a Dutch cow," come from?—The Netherlands, obviously. Not only the inhabitants, but also the animals, are built on generously sturdy lines.

CHARLIE'S place has changed now. It is still Number One snake pit, of course, but it has nevertheless changed.

To tell the story of Charlie Brown's Railway Tavern a book, even, would be inadequate. But a book is, in any case, unnecessary, because everyone who has ever been in the famous Limehouse sanctuary knows the history—or rather a history of the late host and of the tavern. It is that sort of place, one cannot resist asking such questions as, "How long was he here?" "Why was he called the uncrowned king of Limehouse?" or "At how much is the museum valued?"

I have spoken to many "locals," and each, in his or

her own way, has related a history of landlord and tavern. Each story has been varied, some even contradictory, but all have been gripping, romantic and human.

Why gripping? Because here the most notorious criminals of the era have, and do, congregate. Because here, the Mecca of seamen of all nations, men have, and do still, relate the nightmare encounters of the seas. Because here men are men.

Why romantic? Romantic because it IS the Mecca of seamen, of men who have seen the world and of men who really know life. Romantic because here seamen meet their women-folk. Women who know of the world only through the lips of their two-fisted men.

Why human? Because here lords and ladies, harlots and half-castes, film stars and fugitives cast off their glamour, their fame and their notoriety, and mix as men and women.

Charlie was a paradox—he was as gentle as a lamb, but he could be as hard as nails. He was a fighter, but he never hit below the belt. He was a product of dockland. He was a gentleman. He was not extravagant in his own requirements; he gave thousands of pounds to charities.

He mixed with kings, with rogues, with bishops, with murderers, with diplomats. And still he was Charlie Brown. The greatest diplomat of all. But that was Charlie Brown, the famous. His fame was not one of inheritance. It started like this.

Hated the Sea

It was in 1872 that young Charlie ran away from his father's baker's shop, to which he was apprenticed.

He ran away to sea, but he hated it, and soon returned home. Later he felt the call again. And this time he stuck it, and sailed the seven seas, and became known in every port in the world. He returned to his native Limehouse and became licensee of the Railway Tavern in West India Dock-road.

He knew everyone in "Chinatown"; he knew its secrets, its Tong wars, its opium dens, its murders and intrigues, and its hates, as no one has ever known them.

He saw white women and white men in the toils of the opium pill.

He made his tavern the outpost for unfortunates whom he guided and helped.

He lived to see Limehouse climb out of its dark age. He, in fact, played a major part in ridding it of its notoriety.

On June 5th, 1937, a message was carried to all ends of the earth. It was told in the saloons of the waterfronts of Shanghai, Singapore and San Francisco. It was uttered by South Sea beachcombers, by Lascars, by Chinese coolies, by famous boxers, stage stars and convicts.

The message was, "Charlie Brown is dead."

Of him, George Lansbury wrote in his famous autograph book: "Every good wish to a fine man, a good friend, and a real pal."

His Castle

But that was Charlie Brown. What of his castle?

It is an ordinary East End tavern from the outside, but, once inside the door, visitors were awe-struck by the antiquity of the furnishings and ornaments.

There were five 2,500-years-old Ming vases, an 800-years-old Chinese ebony cabinet, a couple of magnificent Florentine cabinets, and carved ivory, valued at £5,000.

All around the walls were treasures collected from all corners of the earth. Weapons from the Fijis, sharks' teeth from the South Seas, spears from an Aborigines' tribe, and relics from the Orient.

There were oil paintings of and by celebrities, and tapestries valued at many hundreds of pounds.

When Charlie Brown died, these ornaments, and those from the famous museum, were shared by his son and daughter.

The right to the name of "Charlie Brown's Pub" was disputed about this time by two members of the family. Charlie Brown, junior, who now keeps the "Blue Posts" opposite the original public-house, claims that his tavern should bear the name, as he is the only son.

The son-in-law, who was then keeping the original public-house, claims that, as that was where Charlie lived, the name should stay with his house. The feud faded out, and both public-houses are now known by the famous name.

Allied Nations

But it is all very different now. The original house is tenanted by Charlie's closest friend, Lillian Everest, who, in spite of the lack of antiques, still tries to maintain the seafaring atmosphere.

From the ceiling of the saloon bar hang the flags of all the Allied Nations, and on the walls are emblems and keepsakes left by visitors.

When groups of Allied seamen visit the tavern, they frequently stand in a group under their flag and sing their national songs.

The century-old piano has been taken away now, and, instead, a radiogram has been installed.

Instead of the old sea shanties, visitors sing modern dance numbers, girls jitterbug in the centre of the floor to the accompaniment of Jack Goodwin, the accordionist, who, when he was a first engineer in the Merchant Navy, was torpedoed and blinded.

Studying the sea of faces in the saloon recently, I wondered if the place really had changed. The flashy, insincere girls, the laughing, joking Jack Tars, the Allied Merchant Navy men, and the most human atmosphere I have ever encountered, are now, as ever, in the spell of the man who, with the most common of names, was the most uncommon of men.

No man has ever succeeded Charlie to his monarchy of Limehouse. No man ever will. Charlie Brown will live for ever.

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"Who said she's your gal?"

Here's a teaser—



Here's a tale—

The distinguished foreign visitor had been hospitably invited to the golden wedding celebrations of his English host's friends.

"But tell me," he said, "zis golden wedding, what eez it?"

A guest endeavoured to explain. "Well, the man and woman have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah," said the foreign visitor, "and now he is going to marry her . . . bravo!"

Periscope Page

Spot the Lady

A difficult old man left £1,000 when he died. He would have liked to have taken it with him, but this being impossible, he made the distribution of his money as difficult as possible for his lawyer. It had to be shared by three relatives and their husbands.

Said the old man: "I've put aside £396 for my three nieces. Alice is to get £10 more than Bertha, and Clara is to get £10 more than Alice."

"Now the husbands. Will Grey has to have the same as his wife, but I'll give Tom Green half as much again as I'm giving his missus, and Sam Jones—I like him—he's getting twice as much as his wife."

The first thing the lawyer had to do, of course, was to find the Christian names of Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Jones.

What were they?

Answers to be published tomorrow.

QUIZ for today

1. What religion was founded on mistletoe, oak leaves and human sacrifice?
2. Why were London policemen first called "Bobbies"?
3. Where did the Red Cross originate?
4. What is the highest building in the world?
5. Who was Prime Minister of England after Lloyd George?
6. What are the two main ingredients of beer?
7. Who wrote "The Pied Piper of Hamelin"?
8. What is known by chemists as "sodium chloride"?
9. What organisation "always gets its man"?
10. Who composed "Rhapsody in Blue"?
11. Who is the national hero of Switzerland?
12. Of what language is "Yiddish" a corruption?

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of "Good Morning," with your ideas for features, jokes or pictures.
Address is at top of Page 4.

How to write a song

By HUGH CHARLES

By this time, I hope, we have found an idea for our number or the main theme. This may be either the lyric or the melody, and in this instance I do recommend the amateur to write in collaboration with a friend. Two heads are so often better than one, and a little

criticism from each other will never do any harm.

Your construction, to be of commercial value, should be eight bars of melody; repeat the same eight bars, with perhaps a variation; a change of melody for the middle; and your last eight bars should be as closely allied to the first as possible. Simple, did you say? I am afraid it is not quite so simple—you must have a melody that sticks, not just a conglomeration of notes that have no substance. It must be a melody that haunts you so much that eventually it annoys you. That is the basis of your construction, and if you can find a title that will hit people in the eye, combine it with a lyric that has appeal and simplicity, you are well on the way.

Two ships make a 10,000 miles voyage—5,000 miles outward and 5,000 miles inward. A goes both ways at 12 knots but B goes out at 10 knots and returns at 14 knots. Which one took longest to do the 10,000 miles?

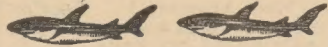
NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from the novel by Jules Verne

AT this cry the entire crew rushed towards the harpooner. The darkness was then profound, and although I knew the Canadian's eyes were very good, I asked myself what he could have seen, and how he could have seen it. My heart beat violently.

At two cables' length from the *Abraham Lincoln* on her starboard quarter, the sea seemed to be illuminated below the surface. The monster lay some fathoms below the sea, and threw out the very intense but inexplicable light mentioned in the reports of several captains.

"It is only an agglomeration of phosphoric particles," cried one of the officers.



"No, sir," I replied with conviction. "Never did pholas or salpae produce such a light as that. It is essentially electric. Besides—see! Look out! It moves—forward—on to us!"

A general cry rose from the frigate.

"Silence!" called out the captain. "Up with the helm! Reverse the engines!"

The frigate thus tried to escape, but the supernatural animal approached her with a speed double her own.

Stupefaction, more than fear, kept us mute and motionless. The monster rushed towards the frigate with frightful rapidity, stopped suddenly at a distance of twenty feet, and then went out, not diving, for its brilliancy did not die out by degrees, but all at once as if turned off. Then it reappeared on the other side of the ship, either going round her or gliding under her hull.

I was astonished at the way the ship was worked. She was being attacked instead of attacking; and I asked Captain Farragut the reason.

"M. Aronnax," he said, "I do not know with how formidable a being I have to deal, and I will not imprudently risk my frigate in the darkness. We must wait for daylight, and then we shall change parts."

"You have no longer any doubt, captain, of the nature of the animal?"

"No, sir. It is evidently a gigantic narwhal, and an electric one, too."

All the crew remained up that night. No one thought of going to sleep. The *Abraham Lincoln*, not being able to compete in speed, was kept under half-steam. On its side the narwhal imitated the frigate, let the waves rock it at will, and seemed determined not to leave the scene of combat.

Towards midnight, however, it disappeared, dying out like a large glowworm. At seven minutes to one in the morning a deafening whistle was heard, like that produced by a column of water driven out with extreme violence.



Give it a name Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

"Ned Land," asked the commander, "have you often heard whales roar?"

"Yes, sir; but this one is incomparably louder. It is not to be mistaken. It is certainly a cetacean there in our seas. With your permission, sir, we will have a few words with him at daybreak."

"If he is in a humour to hear them, Mr. Land," said I, in an unconvinced tone.

"Let me get within a length of four harpoons," answered the Canadian, "and he will be obliged to listen to me."

Until daylight we were all on the *qui-vive*, and then the fishing-tackle was prepared. The first mate loaded the blunderbusses, which throw harpoons the distance of a mile, and long duck-guns with explosive bullets, which inflict mortal wounds even upon the most powerful animals. Ned Land contented himself with sharpening his harpoon—a terrible weapon in his hands.

At 6 a.m. day began to break, and with the first glimmer of dawn the electric light of the narwhal disappeared.

At 8 a.m. the mist began to clear

away. Suddenly, like the night before, Ned Land's voice was heard calling—

"The thing in question on the port quarter!"

All eyes were turned towards the point indicated. There, a mile and

The *Abraham Lincoln*, propelled by her powerful screw, went straight at the animal, who let her approach to within half a cable's length, and then, as if disdaining to dive, made a little attempt at flight, and contented itself with keeping its distance.



What a chase! I cannot describe the emotion that made my whole being vibrate again. Ned Land kept at his post, harpoon in hand. The animal allowed itself to be approached several times. Sometimes it was so near that the Canadian raised his hand to hurl the harpoon, when the animal rushed away at a speed of at least thirty miles an hour, and even during our maximum of speed it bullied the frigate, going round and round it.

A cry of fury burst from all lips. We were not further advanced at twelve o'clock than we had been at eight. Captain Farragut then made up his mind to employ more direct means.

"Ah!" said he, "so that animal goes faster than my ship! Well, we'll see if he'll go faster than a

conical bullet. Master, send your men to the forecabin."

The forecabin gun was immediately loaded.

An old gunner with a grey beard—I think I see now his calm face as he approached the gun—put it into position and took a long aim. A loud report followed and mingled with the cheers of the crew.

The bullet reached its destination; it struck the animal, but, gliding off the rounded surface, fell into the sea two miles off.

"Hell!" cried the captain; "that animal must be clad in six-inch iron plates. But I'll catch it, if I have to blow up my frigate!"

It was to be hoped that the animal would be exhausted, and that it would not be indifferent to fatigue like a steam-engine. But the hours went on, and it showed no signs of exhaustion.

It must be said, in praise of the *Abraham Lincoln*, that she struggled on indefatigably. I cannot reckon the distance we made during this unfortunate day at less than 300 miles. But night came on and closed round the heaving ocean.

Continued on Page 3.

Follow the BRAINS TRUST

WITH HOWARD THOMAS

A little girl of 8½ asked the B.B.C. Brains Trust this question: "How is it that when a gale is blowing at 80 or 90 miles an hour, and blowing down big trees and fences, a little bird is able to fly against it?"

Julian S. Huxley: "Well, I'm afraid the answer is that it isn't able to fly against the wind. No small bird is able to fly more than about 20 or 25 miles an hour. Some of the bigger birds and swifter birds can fly 30, 40, and one or two, like the Swift, even 60 miles an hour, but no bird in existence, as far as I know, can fly 80 or 90 miles an hour. The best that a bird could possibly do would be to hold itself head to wind—it would be flying against the wind, but relative to the ground it would be going backwards, and actually in a very strong wind most birds deliberately take shelter."

Commander A. B. Campbell: "Yes, but isn't it a fact that a bird is the best example of streamline that we have? I've seen them flying against a head wind across the Atlantic, and it's amazed me how these birds have still made progress—beaten us! We've been going perhaps 15 or 16 knots—they've beaten us going straight ahead. I know they get tired, because once, in crossing the Bay of Biscay, we ran into a south-westerly gale, and that night the ship was simply inundated with small birds that were tired. They rested on board. We put water and crumbs down, and things like that, and the next morning off they went, due south. They seemed to know that we were going south. They took a rest just for the time, and still they went in the

teeth of the gale. They went off all right, and I thought the idea was that the bird's body is streamlined, and in being so fashioned, the stronger the gale, the more the streamline would help them."

Julian S. Huxley: "Well, of course not. The stronger the gale, the more they've got to contend against—they certainly couldn't fly and make progress against a gale of 60 miles an hour. As I said, there are some birds, like Swifts, which can do some 60 or 80 miles an hour, but very few, and most small birds only fly about 25 or 20."

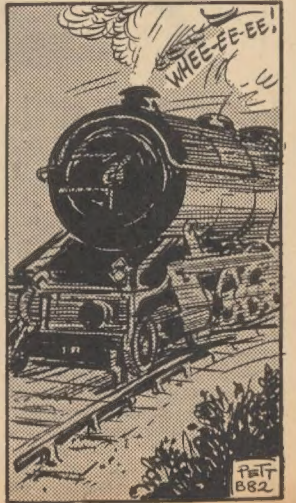
Commander A. B. Campbell: "The bird seems to be able to plough its way through. I've seen, them, Huxley—I'm sorry, but I've seen birds flying head to wind through terrific gales, and still making progress—small birds."

Julian S. Huxley: "Yes, but you want to measure it—I'd like to have your computational facts. All I say is that they have been measured, and, as far as measurements go, what I've said is approximately accurate. They can fly against a gale, but they won't be making progress relative to the wind. They'll be carried back relative to the ground."

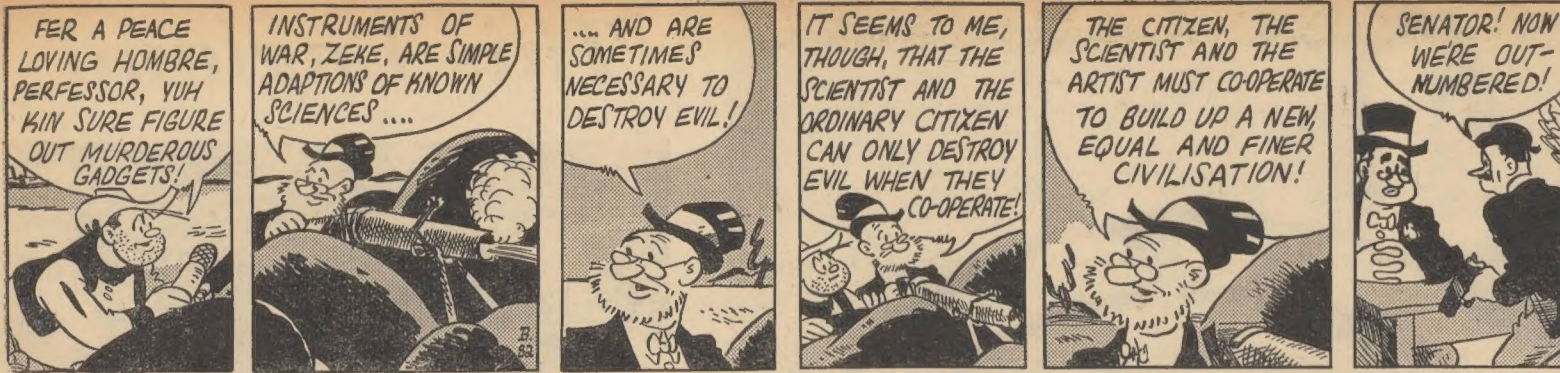
Dr. Leslie Burgin: "I rather wanted to ask a question. When a gale is blowing, may there not be some distance at a height above the ground at which the full force of the gale is not apparent at all?"

Well, what does your Brains Trust think?

JANE



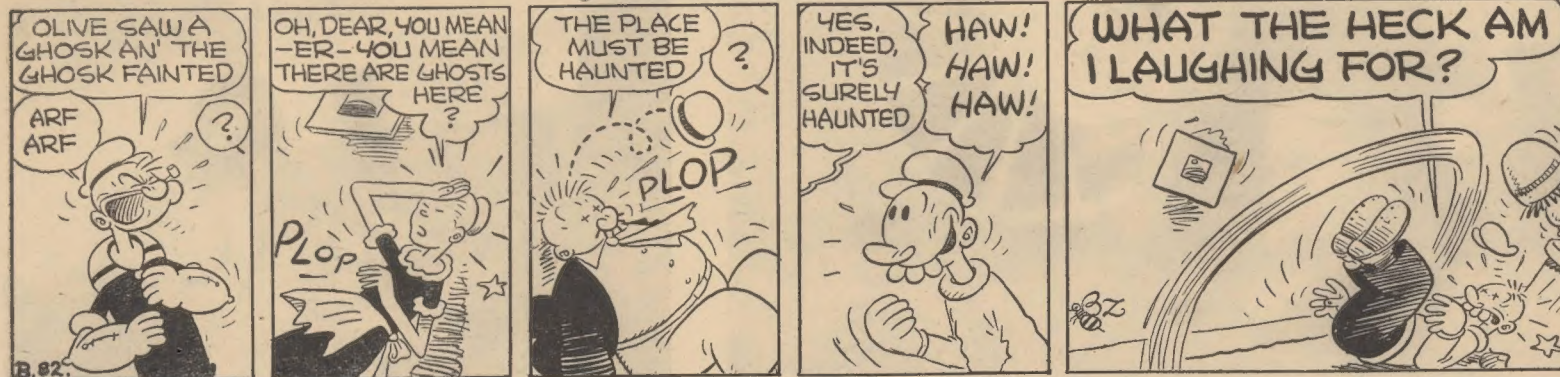
Beelzebub Jones



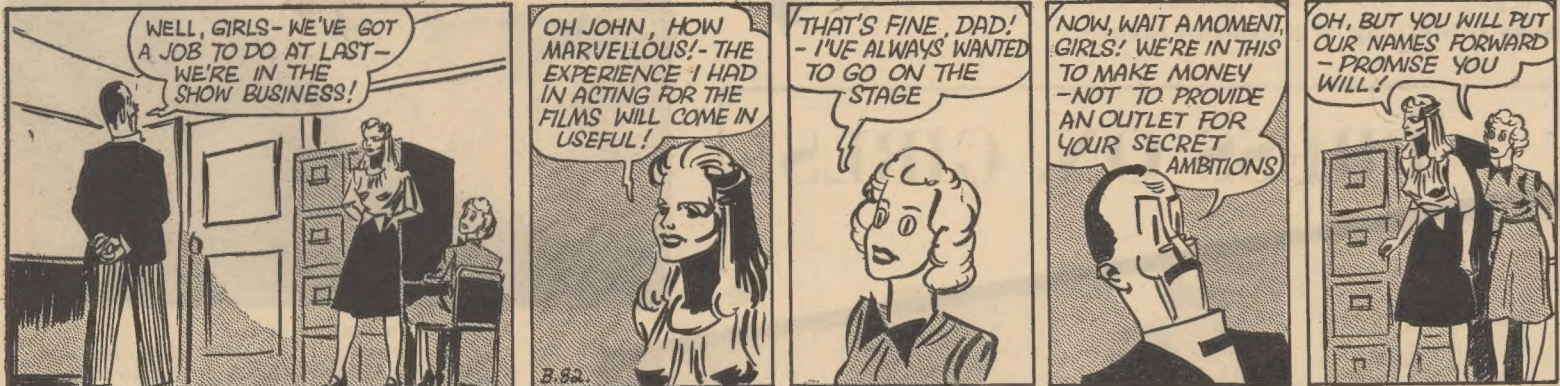
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

At that minute I believed our expedition to be at an end, and that we should see the fantastic animal no more.

I was mistaken, for at 10.50 p.m. the electric light reappeared, three miles windward to the frigate, as clear and intense as on the night before.

The narwhal seemed motionless. Perhaps, fatigued with its day's work, it was sleeping in its billowy cradle. That was a chance by which the captain resolved to profit.

He gave his orders. The *Abraham Lincoln* was kept up at half-steam, and advanced cautiously so as not to awaken her adversary. It is not rare to meet in open sea with whales fast asleep, and Ned Land had harpooned many a one in that condition. The Canadian went back to his post under the bowsprit.

The frigate noiselessly approached, and stopped at two cables' length from the animal. No one breathed. A profound silence reigned on deck.

At that minute, leaning on the fore-castle bulwark, I saw Ned Land

Heard This One?

"Remember, men," said the chaplain as he finished his oration to a bored crew, "a job well done never wants doing again."

"Did you ever get your hair cut, sir?" piped a voice from the back.

below me, holding the martingale with one hand and with the other brandishing his terrible harpoon, scarcely twenty feet from the motionless animal.

All at once he threw the harpoon, and I heard the sonorous stroke of the weapon, which seemed to have struck a hard body.

The electric light suddenly went out, and two enormous water-spouts fell on the deck of the frigate, running like a torrent from fore to aft, upsetting men, and breaking the lashing of the spars.

A frightful shock followed. I was thrown over the rail before I had time to stop myself, and fell into the sea!

(Continued to-morrow)

The sailor was having a brief spell ashore, and decided to consult a doctor about his troublesome throat.

"Have you ever tried gargling with salt water?" asked the doctor.

"Well, sir," replied the sailor, "I've been torpedooed three times."

Jones turned up at the office with his hands in a filthy state. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "I've just been seeing my wife off at the station—she's evacuated herself for the duration."

"But how did your hands get like that?"

"I was patting the engine sir."

As the boat was sinking, the skipper lifted his voice to ask, "Does anybody here know how to pray?"

One man spoke confidently in answer, "Yes, sir—I do."

The captain nodded. "That's all right, then. You go ahead and pray. The rest of us will put on lifebelts. They're one short."

ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 3

- 206 bones, including small bones of the ear.
- Librae, Solidi, Denarii. (Latin) Pounds, Shillings, Pence.
- Hotchkiss was American.
- A normal man breathes 18 times in one minute.
- Jeremiah Horrocks was an astrologer.
- A Microtome is a cutting device for microscopic work.
- A Mimeograph is a duplicator.
- A Milkwort is a flowering herb.
- Millais was a painter.
- Ten pennies edge-to-edge in a line measure exactly 12 inches.
- All the blood in the body passes through the heart once every minute—60 times in an hour.

ANSWER TO COIN PUZZLE

Solution to yesterday's coin puzzle: To solve the coin puzzle, pick up the four halfpennies and place one on each penny.

HEARD THIS ONE?

Albert, weary and worn, after a long search of all the drapers' shops in the district. "Did you manage it, darling?" called out his wife.

"No, dear," he replied despondently. "I've been to every shop in the town, and there isn't one that can match the material."

"Lovely," said wife. "I wanted to make sure that nobody else could have a dress like it."

The sweet young school teacher looked hard at the gallant sailor who had offered her his seat in the bus.

At the next stop a few people got off, and the sailor took a seat opposite her.

He seemed to be staring at her rather hard, and she wondered whether she had met him at the school on parents' day, some time.

Not wishing to appear rude, she leaned forward. "Excuse me," she said, "but aren't you the father of one of my children?"

The chaplain was addressing the crew, giving a word of advice about things in general.

"Yes, men," he said, "the Devil is chained hand and foot, but he can get you," pointing to one side of the deck. "He can get you," pointing to the other side. "He can get you," pointing to the back of the crowd.

It was too much for Seaman Jones in front. "Blimey," he said, "the damn thing might just as well be loose."

They were returning home in the black-out after a really good evening out, and holding a heated argument outside a doorway. "What do you want at this unearthly hour?" demanded a forbidding voice.

"Are you Sheeman Shmish's wife?" asked the spokesman hesitatingly.

"I am," she snapped. "Thash good," said the reveller. "D'you mind coming down (hic) and picking out Shmithy? The resh of ush wanna go home."

The big sailor was home on leave and was celebrating in the local. After consuming about ten pints he suddenly glared round the bar and shouted, "Anybody here want a fight?"

The locals were all busy with their glasses. Again he shouted, "Anybody here want a fight?" But again he received no answer.

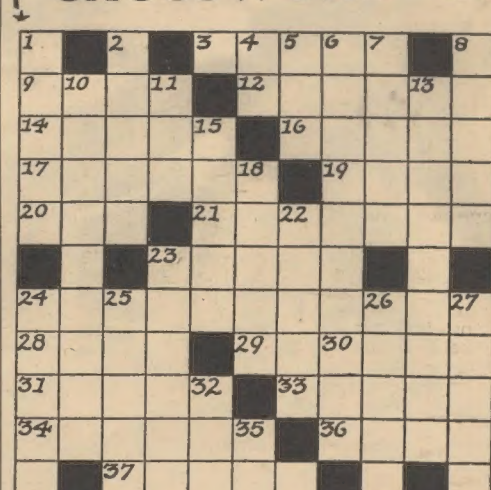
He drank his beer, stalked across to the door, turned round and said, "Well, you're the most unsocial lot of blighters I've ever met."

He had just arrived for ten days' leave, and they were alone for the first time. "Jack, darling," she murmured, "I hardly know how to tell you, but soon there'll be a third sharing our little home."

"Darling," he cried excitedly, "are you certain?"

"Yes, quite," she replied. "I had a letter this morning from Mother, saying that she is coming to live with us next week."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Checks.
- Sour.
- Stately mansion.
- Stiff.
- Splendid.
- Fires from hiding.
- Measure for herrings.
- Fish.
- Wicker containers.
- Rivulets.
- Artist's colour tablet.
- Darling.
- Boy's name.
- Safe.
- Ornamental trees.
- Writing material.
- Astringent vegetable substance.
- Commands.
- Sharpen on leather.

Solution to yesterday's problem.

GAWKS G VOW
ASH TRADER
PIONEER RED
N OPERAS I
GIRD DERIDE
ANODE TROUT
REALMS ENDS
B DEBARS G
SAW OMITTED
LAPSED WOO
FLY S SHONE

- CLUES DOWN.—(1) Analyse grammatically; (2) Watchfulness; (4) Out of bed; (5) Doubled; (6) Obstructs; (7) Sword; (8) Years of youth; (10) Hothouse plant; (11) Tallow candle; (13) Made sharp, dry sound; (15) Charge; (18) Seasons; (22) Slumbers; (23) Late; (24) Skins; (25) Portrays; (26) Scholar; (27) Concise; (30) Vehicle; (32) Baronet's title; (35) Negative.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



This is Huia Cooper, boys, doing a spin, in the Can-Can number at the Windmill Theatre. Well, well, it's an old gag, we know, but in these days of tinned food, Huia sure looks something of a can-can luxury.

This England



York, as a matter of fact.
Early morning . . . crisp shadows and crisper air . . . signs of a lovely day to follow. But you had to obey mother's instructions and put your coat on, though it wasn't long before you had it neatly folded against that wall.

Ever played in that sort of street?
Ever rubbed your nose against that sort of window? Ever waited under that sort of lamp . . . for the girl who is probably waiting for you NOW?

PRESS ON, GIRLS!



Just a peep at some of the girls who hand them over to the bloke who hands them over to you to hand over to Jerry . . . so to speak.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I said tinned fish
not tin-fish!"

